Inside this issue---18 more clubs you can join!

The Prydonian Renegade

The official newsletter of The Prydonians of Prynceton
Volume 2, number 13 March 5, 1986

Doctor Goes on Diet!

As reported last month, the 23rd Season of Doctor Who will introduce a new travelling companion for Colin Baker's Doctor. Now, Gallifrey East has learned more details about the new Companion's character. According to an interview with John Nathan-Turner distributed by the American Panatropic Club Network, the new companion will be named Melanie and is a computer programmer from "from Pea's Pottage, which is a little village in Sussex. She is terribly fit and into aerobics and all that kind of stuff and torture sessions. And she is a health freak and eats müsli and raw carrots and greens and salads and rubbish like that. She will put the 6th Doctor on a diet. The character, which I've devised myself, will give us a basis for a lot more humor in the show, the relationship between the Doctor and the companion will be based on a lot more humorous one. It'll be interesting to see, for example, who runs the fastest."

Bonnie Langford, the actress chosen to portray Melanie, is 21 years old, and is the 20th female Companion. She is currently appearing in London's West End in a musical production of *Peter Pan*. Could that make Adric one of the Lost Boys?

They have not yet released a costume for Melanie, so our "Dress the New Companion Contest" is still running. So far we've only received a few entries to the contest.

Also reported in the interview: John Nathan-Turner hasn't definitely decided that he will leave his producer's position after the season, although he thinks he "probably" will. Script editor Eric Saward will also "probably" leave *Doctor Who* after this year.

Production on the new season starts Monday March 31. Costume designs and other plans haven't yet been finalized

DWFCA Festival News

There are still tickets available for the March 23 DWFCA Festival starring Patrick Troughton at Trenton's War Memorial Auditorium, but they're going fast. If you haven't ordered yours already, *do so now*! Call 302-322-5072, M-F 11-7, to order on a credit card, or write DWFCA, PO Box 6198, Denver, CO, 80206. Mention that you're a Prydonian and get $2 off your ticket.

Also, if you ordered at the $12 price, when you get your confirmation postcard, phone DWFCA, tell them what happened, that you ordered before we announced the Prydonian ticket special, and they'll send you two "TARDIS" tokens worth $1 apiece off any DWFCA merchandise.

As announced last month, we are raffling off an invitation to the party being held for Patrick Troughton on Saturday March 22, from 5 to 9 pm. This party is primarily to introduce Patrick Troughton to the regional press, but it is also to give the Festival volunteers a chance to meet him. Due to New Jersey Network's lack of space, only volunteers and their guests can attend the party. However, if you would like to attend, you can buy a raffle ticket for $3. We'll have a drawing a week before the party, and the lucky winner and one guest of his or her choice will be invited to attend the party. Please make your check out to The Prydonians of Prynceton and send it to Gallifrey East, 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. Deadline Saturday March 15.

Club Stuff

The March Assembly will be held Saturday, March 8, at 7:30 pm, at the home of Allen Lane, 30 Schofield Road, West Milford, NJ. This is a joint meeting with The Jersey Jagaroth. To get to Allen's, take Interstate 80 to Route 23. Take 23 north about 19 or 0 miles. Turn right onto Echo Lake Road and continue for about two miles. Turn left onto Macopin Road and continue for about 1/6 of a mile. Turn right onto Maple Avenue and continue for about one mile. Turn right onto Schofield Road and go straight for about one half mile until you come to the third house past Sanders Court.

Production of the new season of *Doctor Who* begins right after Easter. To celebrate, we are holding a **Start of Production Party** for our **April Assembly! It will be held Friday, April 4, at 7:30 pm, at the home of Lady President Kim Neighbor.** Kim and her husband, Low Cardinal Greg Neighbor, live at 50-23 Garden View Terrace, East Windsor, NJ. From Route 1, take 571 east (look for Church and three gas stations) towards Hightstown to Route 130 (second light past McGraw-Hill), turn left onto 130, turn right at first light, go past Georgetown town houses, cross road at stop sign, enter the apartment complex. Continue straight, look for fifth building on right, look for large dumpster in parking lot. Building is number 50, although the number is hard to find. Look for the Prydonian banner.

Please RSVP to Kim if you're coming. Her home phone number is 609-443-8725. If you can't get her at home, her work number is 609-924-9600, x 317.

If you'd like to host the May Assembly, get in touch with Kim. We would like to hold the May Assembly on Saturday May 3.

On Friday, January 24, we held a "satellite" Assembly in Elkins Park, PA, for Pennsylvania Prydonians who can't easily make it up to New Jersey for our regular Assemblies. Despite the late notice, a number of people showed up for the first time and enjoyed themselves. Thanks to Steve Cluck for hosting us. **We are holding another such 'satellite' Assembly on Friday, April 11 at 8 pm.** This will again be at Steve's. He lives at 400 Upland Road, Elkins Park, PA. Directions are as follows: From the north or east, take Route 95 or 1 to 73 west (Cottman Avenue), turn left at Cadwalader Avenue (look for Elkins Park Prime Meats on the right, a Sandwich Station on the left), turn left at the first street past the stop sign, which is Shoemaker Road, turn right onto Upland Avenue, Steve's house is on the right. Look for the Prydonian banner! From the south, use Route 611 north (Broad Street) continuing on it after it becomes Old York Road. Turn right at Church Road (look for Elkins Park Square mall on the left, Sousans Pharmacy on the right), turn left at High School Road going uphill at the first traffic light, take the third left onto Upland Road. Steve's house is the second on the left. From the west, take the Penn Turnpike to exit 26 (Fort Washington), take Route 309 South, turn left at the first traffic light, then right at the second traffic light onto Church Road. Then turn left at High School Road going uphil. Take the third left onto Upland Road.

We'd like to do the same thing for our New York City members. If you'd be willing to host twenty or thirty Prydonians in Manhattan or Brooklyn, contact the Castellan.

Also, Cathy Boudreau of Tuckahoe, NY, is interested in forming a Westchester-Rockland-New York Chapter of The Prydonians. If you are interested and would like to help out or get more information, contact her at 914-337-1621.

What's happening on PBS ?

Thanks to everyone who helped out at the March 1 New Jersey Network fundraiser.

It isn't too late to sign up for the March 15 WHYY (Channel 12) Fundraiser in Philadelphia. We need lots of Prydonians to answer the phones from 3 to 7 pm. To volunteer, call Duffy McLaughlin at 215-946-5685. They'll be showing "The Gunfighters" that afternoon!

New Jersey Network's March schedule is as follows:

March 1: "Seeds of Death" (Patrick Troughton)
8: "The War Games," part 1
15: "Time Lash" (Colin Baker)
22: "Revelation of the Daleks" (Colin Baker)
29: "The War Games," part 2

For April, the schedule is:

April 5: "Spearhead from Space" (Jon Pertwee's first story)
12: "Doctor Who and The Silurians"
19: "Ambassadors of Death"
26: "Inferno"

For those of you who are wondering why New Jersey Network is running part two of "The War Games" three weeks after part one, the explanation is as follows: at the time they contracted with Lionheart International, the distributor, to show the Troughton and Colin Baker episodes, they didn't realize that "War Games" was so long they'd have to show it in two parts. So they arranged to show "War Games" on March 8, followed by "Time Lash" and "Revelation of the Daleks," both of which had to be shown by the end of

March. By the time they realized how long "War Games" was, and that they'd have to split it in two, they were unable to reschedule the showing of the Colin Baker episodes, as they were contractually obligated to air them on the dates originally set with Lionheart.

Channel 39 (WLVT from Bethlehem, PA) has run through the Jon Pertwee episodes and is now into the early Tom Baker stories. A number of cable systems in Bucks County and in New Jersey offer Channel 39. The Doctor can be seen Monday through Friday at 11 pm.

Also, Channel 21 (WLIW) and 31 (WNYC) in the New York-Long Island area show the Doctor Monday through Friday at 10:30 and 11 pm respectively.

Fanzines--How to run the world!

One of the most prominent areas of real *fan* participation in fandom is the world of "fanzines." These are amateur publications, produced usually as labors of love, written, illustrated, edited, and published by fans as a way for them to live in the worlds they so love. There are many types of fanzine, from the mimeographed sheet of reviews, jokes, and comments, to the commercially printed collection of stories, poems, and artwork. American fandom tends to run heavily toward fiction-zines, while the British staple is the regular or irregular news-and-commentary publication. There are a number of *Doctor Who* fanzines in America, and more are announced all the time. Many of them set up shop and manage to produce a single issue, and then fold. But occasionally, heroic efforts on the part of the instigators pay off, and they end up with a long-running, prominent publication.

One of the newest members of The Prydonians is Susan Garrett, who is the editor of "Time Winds," one of the most successful and well-known Doctor Who fanzines in the US. At our February Assembly, Susan addressed the club on how one goes about forming and running a fanzine.

Here are addresses of "Time Winds," and several other fanzines currently being developed by Prydonians and others:

"Time Winds": "A Doctor Who fanzine that explores all aspects of our favorite Time Lord(s) and friends in a reduced, double column, photocopied format. Submissions are cheerfully accepted for fiction, poetry, filksongs, and artowrk with only two criteria---a PG rating and comptetent writing. Lately, we've produced 'special' issues that deal with one topic or theme; #12 was our 'Monster Issue,' #14 is our 'Best of "Time Winds",' and #16 (upcoming in April) will be our 'What If?' issue." Write: 142 Sunvalley Drive, Toms River, NJ, 08753. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Wanted: Doctor Who stories, art, and cartoons...all sorts of stuff for Fantom Alteration's "Who Else' Doctor Who and crossover 'zine. Send all submissions to Rachel Kadushin, 5454 South Shore Drive, Chicago, IL, 60615.

Wanted: "I am forming my own Doctor Who fanzine. Therefore, I am asking for submissions in art (especially cartoons), short stories (2000 word limit), poems, and especially critical analyses on any aspect of Doctor Who." Send all submissions to Douglas Famy, Thompson Point Pierce 103, Carbondale, IL, 62901.

Telling the whole story: "High Lama of the planet, Clown, Interplanetary Crusader, Eccentric, Innocent, Unexpected...the Doctor is all these things and so much more. Four hundred and seven tales told (give or take a few), a thousand questions left unanswered. Here's your opportunity to render in your own words what you think could have turned boyhood chums into mortal enemies. What became of Romana after she decided to stay behind in E-Space? How did the Doctor learn the art of Venusian Akido? Was Nyssa successful in discovering a cure for the Lazars' disease? Your imagination is the limit. You don't have to use these examples, feel free to find your own. But all submissions must deal with something out of the subject's past. No length limit! Send all submissions to Doris Lytwyn, 17 Lakeview Drive, Yardville, NJ.

Short story contest: Winds of Time, a DW club based in Nashville, TN, invites submissions to their fanzine "Time Walker". 2000 word limit, typed, double-spaced. Deadline March 31. First Prize: the 1986 Doctor Who Calendar. The issue will be published in May, and send free to all members (to join, see below). Cost will be $3 to contributors who are not members, $5 for everyone else. Send all submissions to: PO Box 22307, Nashville, TN, 32202

[Note: a number of members have submitted stories to *The Renegade* which really belong in a fanzine. There is only limited space in *The Renegade* for fiction or factual articles, and we therefore have to limit acceptable submissions to 1500 words or less. Serial publications will be considered, provided the entire story is submitted at the same time and that each segment is 1500 words or less in length. No serial story should be more than six segments long. If your story does not meet these criteria, please do not submit it to *The Renegade*. That's what fanzines are for. When submitting something to Gallifrey East, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want your manuscript back. Please retain a copy for your own records. All submissions should be typed. If you want to write for *The Renegade*, contact Gallifrey East for an assignment. Please send a SASE. Thanks!]

Voice-overs fade away

Howard DaSilva, a much-loved stage and screen actor, died Sunday, February 16, at the age of 76. DaSilva was known to Doctor Who fans for the voice-overs he provided for many of the Tom Baker episodes distributed by Time-Life in the 1970s, and which occasionally still appear on TV. Da Silva appeared in many movies, TV shows, and stage productions. He was best known for playing Benjamin Franklin in the Broadway musical *1776* and the subsequent movie version.

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Convention Calendar

Upcoming conventions in this area (and others of interest) include:

I-Con V, April 4-6, at State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island. Guests include **Jon Pertwee!**, James Doohan, James P. Hogan, Barry Longyear, Norman Spinrad, Jack Williamson, and Vincent DiFate. For more information, call 516-246-3673 M-F 1-5 pm.

The Doctor in Dairyland, with **Jon Pertwee** and **Nicholas Courtney**. April 18-20 at the Midway Motor Lodge, Milwaukee. The organizers are the Renegade Time Lords of Milwaukee. For information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Whoopla, Inc., PO Box 2129, Milwaukee, WI, 53201.

Creation Convention, in New York, May 10-11, with **Nicholas Courtney** and Mark Lenard, at the Roosevelt Hotel, Madison Avenue at 45th Street

TARDISCon 86, the North American Time Festival for 1986. The ultimate fancon. Aug.1-3, at Adam's Mark Hotel, St. Louis. So far, **Mark Strickson** is the only confirmed guest, but more will be announced shortly. Put on by the St. Louis Celestial Intervention Agency. For more information, send a SASE to: TARDISCon, PO Box 39305, St. Louis, MO,. 63139.

Matrix Matters

The newly formed North East Matrix now consists of 5- clubs. In addition to the four original members (the Prydonians, UnEarthly Children, Jersey Jagaroth, and Gallifreyan Embassy of Long Island), one more Doctor Who agglomeration has affiliated with us: TARDIS Tours of Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley. This brings to five the number of organizations currently part of NEM and exchanging newsletters and other information. Invitations are out to several other clubs, which we hope will soon join.

What NEM is currently up to, besides getting itself organized, is planning a convention! Anyone who has ever been to a fan-run convention (as opposed to a Creation, or even a DWFCA or Spirit of Light, show) knows just how much fun they really can be. We in NEM feel (and have felt for a very long time) that it would be a genuine service to all the fans in this region if the local clubs cooperated amongst themselves to put on a convention for the fans that they'd never forget, one that would be truly worth their time and money. So that's what we're up to. It is going to take a good deal of time and money and effort to pull this off, and everybody in all the clubs is going to have to get involved, but when it's over, we'll have done something wonderful, something we can all be proud of. At the moment, we're strictly in the planning stages, although members with specific skills, such as lawyers, insurance experts, policemen, nurses, accountants, travel agents, journalists, etc., should get in touch with Mimi Oakley at the address listed below. As we get closer to the actual date of the convention (as yet undetermined; as yet, the convention is still unnamed) there will be more and more for everyone to do.

One of our obligations as part of NEM is to report on the activites of the other clubs in the Matrix. The basic activity each club has is a more or less monthly meeting. Meetings are fun in and of themselves, but primarily because they enable fans to meet other fans. Very often, we are the only fans we know; nobody else in our family, school, or workplace likes *Doctor Who* or even knows about it. Joining a local club is often the only way fans have of meeting other fans, of realizing that there *are* other fans. At club meetings we can be our lunatic selves and realize that for once, we are in the majority.

Anyway, each Matrix club has some kind of meeting or other, and they're all loads of fun, and worth attending. Upcoming scheduled meetings are:

UnEarthly Children: Saturday, March 15, at Bensalem Public Library, Bensalem, PA.

Jersey Jagaroth: Saturday, March 8, 30 Schofield Road, West Milford, NJ, 07480, 201-697-7419. This is a joint meeting with The Prydonians. Also, Saturday, April 12. No details yet. Call Mark Modig, 201-326-8839, for more information.

Gallifreyan Embassy: No information available. Call: 516-766-6127.

TARDIS Tours: Inaugural tour leaves Saturday March 8, from 10 am to 4 pm at the All American Culture Center, 245 North Sixth Street, Allentown, PA.

Clubs to the right of me, clubs to the left of me...

Here are a list of the other Doctor Who Fan Clubs that the High Council have corresponded with and feel are worthy of your support. We believe that they do an excellent job for their members, representing true value for the dues money they charge. That a club is not listed here does not mean that it is a rip-off; it just means we may not know anything about it. If you feel a club not listed her should be on our list, send information on it to Gallifrey East. Minimal requirements for being listed are as follows: at least 30 members; evidence of regular meetings; a regular newsletter; it must be open for membership to the general public; it must support and promote the local Public Television station. Also, we will not normally promote two clubs in the identical geographical location.

Doctor Who Fan Club of America: The largest fan organization in the world. Over 40,000 members (and now signing them up in Great Britain, too! Our parent organization. The sponsor of the famous Whovian Festival Tour, which on March 23 will be bringing Patrick Troughton to Trenton, New Jersey! Publishes the semi-annual newszine *Whovian Times*, which not as frequent as we would like, but sure is pretty when it does come out. Superb taste in article and story selection. Membership is $5.00 a year, for which you receive a card, badge, and the *Whovian Times*. Write: DWFCA, PO Box 6024, Denver, CO, 80206.

Doctor Who Information Network (DWIN): The best single DW club around (except for ours, of course!) Canada's national DW organization, but unlike DWFCA, run by fans for fans. Much smaller than DWFCA, but much more intense. Very little marketing, just good solid concentration on the show itself and on the fans. The bi-monthly magazine *Enlightenment* is perhaps the best single source of information on Doctor Who around, as well as being great fun to read for other reasons. Membership in DWIN is $8.00 a year (in US funds). Write: 303 Houghton Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA, L8K 2N4. Folks, you just *gotta* go for this one!

Companions of Doctor Who (CoDW): One of the biggest clubs in the country. They put on last July's Panopticon in New Orleans, the 1985 Time Festival. They do an interesting newsletter called "The Unpaid Scientific Advisor." Members everywhere. Dues are $8/year. Write: Companions of Doctor Who, PO Box 56764, New Orleans, LA, 70156. If we get enough members, we can apply to become one of their local TARDISes!

American Fans of Jon Pertwee: If Jon's your man, this is your club. There's a quarterly newsletter "The Pertwee Papers," full mostly of members' reminiscences of their encounters with their Hero, or reports on which con he'll be at next. You also get a photo of the man Himself (mine was of Jon as Worzel Gummidge!) $6/year. Write:

The Jersey Jagaroth: What John McEnroe is to tennis, the Jersey Jagaroth are to DW fandom: objectionable, tasteless, and damn good. Just kidding. But seriously, what else can you say about a group whose "club animal" is Colin Baker's *coat*? Their newsletter is entitled "A Mouth on Legs." They claim to exist in order to serve northern New Jersey fans, but you have to wonder if that's all. Still, any old conspiracy in a storm, and you could do much worse (in fact, you already have!) Go ahead, give them a try. Dues are $6/year, club badge and monthly newsletter, plus monthly meetings at which "Doctor in Distress" is repeatedly sung. If this hasn't put you off your feed, then you're a real Doctor Who fan and you should definitely join the Jagaroth. Write: 51 Mount Pleasant Road, Morristown, NJ, 07960.

The UnEarthly Children: Our Pennsylvania counterparts. Founded just when we were, and for the same reason (the first UnEarthly Kids read the same damn "Why Don't You Found a Doctor Who Fan Club" article in the same damn issue of *Whovian Times* that we did. The article didn't mention just how hard it would be. Anyway, the UEC exist somewhere over the Delaware and worship this weird British science fiction show called *Doctor Who*, and they do a real nice job of it, too, if you're into that sort of thing. Their monthly newsletter is called "The Children's Page," and is pretty damn good. Dues are $5 a year. We shared our first birthday party with them last year and will again this June. Write: PO Box 642, Richboro, PA

Gallifreyan Embassy of Long Island: Located guess where. Hosts of the infamous "raided" cricket party in January. A great bunch of escaped lunatics doing a very poor job of impersonating normal people. From "Doctor Lou" to the "Anti-Doctor", there isn't mundane in the bunch. Their newsletter is called "Ambassadors of Life," and it has even scooped *The Renegade* at times, such as getting an exclusive interview with John Nathan-Turner last summer! Membership in GELI is $6/year. Write: 242 Hoke Avenue, Oceanside, NY, 11572.

New England Time Lord Academy: One of the fastest growing DW clubs ever, NETLA in less than a year must be over 200 members by now. They've got all of New England practically to themselves, as far as we know, and they have a lot of fun covering it. Their newsletter is called "Cyberleader," and has been distinguished by articles at least as silly as those you've come to know and love (yes, that's right, love) in *The Renegade*. Membership is $5/year. Write PO Box 142, Plymouth, NH,

Tri-State Time Lords: Located in Wilmington and Newark, Delaware. So far pretty small, but certain to grow after the exposure they got on NJN recently. No newsletter yet, but they have a similar arrangement on a local computer BBS that we have on Mike Volk's TARDIS. Dues are $7.50, but that includes a T-shirt! Prydonian Sarah Ovenall is our official ambassador to this

group, which has already joined the North East Matrix. For further information, write: 2114 Weatherton Drive, Wilmington, DE, 19810.

TARDIS Tours: Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley is the newest addition to regional Doctor Who fandom. Channel 39 has been showing the programme for less than two years, so there is a tremendous amount of absolutely virgin territory to be covered from Easton to Scranton and even beyond. TARDIS Tours already has a useful working relationship with Channel 39 and they are also newly affiliated with the North East Matrix. This is one group to watch. Dues are $6.00/year. For information, write: PO Box 1064, Bethlehem, PA, 18017.

Scarf Trailers: No, not devoted solely to the Fourth Doctor, but to all DW and SF fandom in general. Their newsletter is called "Alien Gazette," and it's full of bad jokes. Dues are $4/year. They also run a club called **The Tom Baker Family**, for fans of that little-known performer. Dues also $4/year. The address for both clubs is: 2016 Amelia Avenue, Scranton, PA, 18509.

Arcalians of Albuquerque: The long-distance club we're closest to, seeing as how it was founded by a Prydonian in exile, Faith Kessler. They're getting better and better all the time. Especially the newsletter "The Arcalian Archives." Worth investigating. The address is HoKona Hall 217, Albuquerque, NM, 87106.

Winds of Time: The successors to the ill-fated Time Lords of Nashville. Limited to those 16 and over. Their newsletter "Cosmic Yo-Yo"! One of its regular features is "K9's sick jokes"! Dues are $6. Write: PO Box 22307, Nashville, TN, 37202.

Time Lords of Kansas: Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Gallifrey anymore. Newsletter is called "New Dimensions." Don't know what the dues are. Why not write? It might be very interesting to find out what Whodom is like out in the wheat belt. Their address is PO Box 8477, Wichita, KS, 67208.

Renegade Time Lords: Among their other activities, this spirited group is bringing Jon Pertwee to the Heartland this May for a fancon called "The Doctor in Dairyland"! They also publish a newsletter called "The Renegade Times." Dues are $5. Write: PO Box 2129, Milwaukee, WI, 53201.

North East Wisconsin Friends of the Doctor: Another cow-country Whoclub. They do a pretty good newsletter called "Tales of Rassilon." Dues are $5. Write: 1422 Crooks Street, Green Bay, WI, 54301.

Radio Free Gallifrey: The *best* name ever for a Doctor Who club. Washington State's answer to The Prydonians, it would seem. Silly from coast to coast! We don't know much yet about what they actually do, but with a name like that, they've gotta be good! For more information, write: PO Box 9853, Spokane, WA, 99209.

Starnet: A club for science fiction fans in general, but run by Mitch Rudin of the Gallifreyan Embassy. They list a lot of other science fiction and Doctor Who clubs. Dues are $6/year. They publish a monthly, "Net News." Write: P) Box 109, Rockville Center, NY, 11570.

Now folks, we're not seriously recommending that you join all of these clubs. We're listing them all because we now exchange newsletters with all of them, and we'd like you to know just how many clubs there are besides ours. Also, we have members everywhere, and some of you might like to find out about a club closer to you. The best thing to do is to read over the list and join as many of them as strike your fancy. Each has something to offer that the others don't. If you can only join one, we'd recommend that it be DWIN. "Englightenment" is one of the best fan publications in the world!

From the High Council

It occurred to us that there might have been some misunderstanding about our announcement last month that The Prydonians aren't a democracy. Describing the High Council as "a benevolent dictatorship" was meant as a bit of a joke, not a formal political pronouncement. Since the club's beginning, we have never felt the need for a real set of rules regarding club governance. As officers have been needed, they've been appointed from amongst those members who best demonstrated, by their willingness and ability to help out, that they really wanted to make the club work. As far as deciding what should be done, any member at any time can make any suggestion he or she feels is reasonable, and if it is, it'll probably be implemented right away. Any member can become active simply by volunteering to host an Assembly, work a fundraiser or convention, write for *The Renegade*, or do anything else that comes to mind. As we've repeatedly said, it's *your* club, not ours. The reason the High Council is appointive rather than elective is that we feel it's important that people demonstrate their capacity to contribute and find out just how much work it takes to run a club before they take on any of the responsibilities. Believe us, folks, it isn't as much fun as it may seem, keeping The Prydonians going! In any case, this system (or lack of one) has worked well for two years, so unless there is any objection amongst the membership, and there has been none as yet, we see no reason to propose anything more elaborate. If you feel otherwise, *please* let us know!

The High Council

Lady President---**Kim Elaine Neighbor**. In charge of arranging meeting sites and programs, volunteer coordination in New Jersey. 50-23 Garden View Terrace, East Windsor, NJ, 08520. 609-443-8725

Chancellor---**Dorothy ("Duffy") McLaughlin**. In charge of coordinating activities in Pennsylvania, conducts meetings, responsible for discipline at club functions. 5 Park Lane, Levittown, PA, 19054. 215-946-5685.

Castellan---**Tom Beck**. Director of publications, corresponding secretary, liason with other clubs, convention volunteering. 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. 609-921-8148.

High Cardinal---**John Brew**. Treasurer and bookkeeper. 1725 Cedarwood Drive, Piscataway, NJ, 08854. 201-752-0726.

Chief Time Controller---**Mimi Oakley**. Long-range planning, special events planning, publicity. 304 Quail Ridge Drive, Plainsboro, NJ.

Archivist---**Martin Gerster**. Trivia expert. 183 Hopewell-Pennington Road, Hopewell, NJ, 08525. 609-466-1361.

What did you say your name is?

by Jeanette Murawski

I never get a chance to relax. My schedule is usually pretty hectic: nine to five work, and five to nine responsibilities---plus a tendency to do several things at the same time and a frequently frustrated penchant for reading (heavy on Stephen King and sci-fi).

Well, somehow I *finally* managed to free a Saturday all to myself. Gleefully I checked out a few books from the library and prepared to delve in. Bliss! Quite contentedly I headed for the backyard screenhouse and the lounge chair inside. I had my hand on the door handle (gee, it looked darker inside than usual) when the door suddenly flew open---knocking me on my posterior.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said the warmest, most beautiful baritone voice I've ever heard. A large, strong hand reached down to lift me to my feet. And that hand was attached to a hunk. I mean, a *hunk*! Very tall (six foot five, at least), wide shoulders on an athletically-built frame, thick head of salt-and-pepper hair, rugged features, and dark straight eyebrows framing drowningly deep brown eyes. I was dazed, to put it mildly.

However, I came out of my daze in a hurry when bolts of some kind of energy suddenly began crackling around us. My mystery hunk threw himself on top of me, knocking us both behind some nearby shrubbery.

"Who *are* you?" I managed to gasp. "What's going on?" There was no reply as he frantically dug into a satchel he was carrying.

"No need to be afraid." A bolt landed close. "I think! I'm going to set up an instability in the temporal frame which we can use to get out of here. Understand?"

What else could I do but nod dumbly? He quickly fit together pieces of strange-looking gadgetry, gave the finished product a few resounding thumps---and the air near us began to shimmer! My hand was again grasped and we plunged into the distortion. I must have blacked out, because the next thing I remember was finding myself on a subway platform (hey, don't I get enough of this during the week?) being held upright by comforting arms. It took a few moments for my head to clear and my voice to come back (and frankly, I lingered in his embrace!)

"How did we get here? What time is it?" (Typical New Yorker!) "And *who are you*?!!!?" I sputtered. His reply was lost in the din of a train pulling into the station. We waited a few moments for the noise to die down. Did I mention that he smiled at me? My insides were doing flip-flops.

"I set up a...a sort of electromagnetic field. Actually, it's more like an electromicron-eccentrized temporal distortion loop that..." I didn't understand a word of it, but his voice was so melodious that I didn't mind, I'd have listened to anything he said. However, he finally finished, answered my second question with "Quarter past two---but I'm not entirely sure of the century." The reply to my third question was drowned out by another train (why were they running so good all of a sudden, dammit?)

Just as my Mystery Hunk was about to try to answer again, another barrage of energy bolts sizzled past us. With a commanding "come on!" from M.H. (as I was beginning to think of him) and an equally loud "but... but...BUT!" from me, we dashed up the stairs and onto the streets of Manhattan.

Did I mention how tall he was? Well, he had long, *long* legs as well, and it wasn't easy keeping up with him as we ducked those bolts and dodged in and out of traffic. Abruptly we came to a low wall fronting a long drop---into Central Park. We eyed each other in panic for a second, then he suddenly leapt over the wall to the ground far beneath. A single word, "Jump!" wafted up from below. I looked down and shuddered. But my hesitation was short-lived when another firebolt landed right at the tip of my shoe. I hurtled over and landed in strong waiting arms. Despite the circumstances, I found myself thinking that this wasn't so bad at all!

On we sped, into the trees. I was becoming aware of a figure in pursuit. A being that wasn't used to stepping over empty cans, abandoned newspapers, and the other various odd paraphernalia discarded in Central Park. Strange oaths issued from behind us.

We soon burst forth from our scant cover to find ourselves surrounded by crowds frolicking in the Park. The sounds of children, puppet shows, and clowns echoed around us. The carousel pumped out its cheerful honky-tonk tune. And loud radios blared everywhere, making any attempt at questioning M.H. impossible (even if I'd had breath left to ask anything). Of course, no one paid any attention at all to three odd people wildly running through the crowd.

We ran madly on, ducking behind food vendors, sprinting midst statuary, narrowly missing clowns and their paint pots making up children's faces, and finally finding shelter under the curtain of a puppet theater. Peering warily from our flimsy hideaway, I managed to catch a glimpse, just an impression, of a dark-clad figure careening into a paint-laden clown. Down he went. The oaths this time were horrendous. Then he spotted me.

We were on the run again. Blindly we hurtled forward, exiting the park on the East Side, and once again wove our way through the streets of Manhattan.

"Please," I panted. "What's going on? Who is that man? And *who are you*?"

"I'll explain *later*!" he said. "Keep running! And, oh yes, I'm..." A blare of automobile horns drowned out his long-awaited answer. I could have cried!

Soon we were diving for the nearest shelter. Back down into the subway. Unfortunately, we still hadn't managed to shake off our pursuer. We had just reached the platform when, this time, a bolt finally hit its mark! My M.H. suddenly toppled! I peered over the edge of the platform in horror at the still figure sprawled on the tracks. His satchel lay close by. He began to stir slightly, his arm almost brushing the electrically-charged third rail. I swear I don't remember getting there; but the next thing I knew, I was down there on the tracks, tugging M.H. away from the lethal contact.

He was quite groggy as he struggled to his feet, leaning on me for support (he was one hell of a load, but I didn't mind). Just as we were about to breathe a sigh of relief, we heard a sharp "click!" His foot was trapped between rails! Then there was a chillingly sinister chuckle from behind me.

All I could see were two glittering pinpoints shining like cat's eyes. They seemed to skim over me as beneath notice. Thon my poor, struggling M.H. Instinctively, I picked up the satchel and surruptitiously extracted the device he'd used before. But I couldn't figure out how to work it!

"At last," purred the menacing figure's silkily smooth voice, "you come to your ignominious end." There was a glint of dull metal shining---and he was pointing something right at M.H! I then heard the dull rumble signalling the approach of a train. Suddenly, a blinding light pierced the tunnel. The dark figure was transfixed to the spot. M.H. was still struggling furiously to free his foot. I sobbed and gave the gizmo a desperate whack. The last thing I remember before the world turned dizzy was the loud blast of the train's horn.

And it was over that fast. There we were. Back in front of my screenhouse. M.H. looked at me. Then he said very softly, "Thank you." He opened the door slightly. Then he looked at me again for a few moments, smiled a heart-melting smile, and swept me into a lingering embrace. Over his shoulder I glimpsed a dull, blue box-shaped thing in a shady corner of the screenhouse. My breath stopped! I looked into his eyes for a second---then kissed him with everything I had. His eyes glazed over and his face turned a wonderful shade of crimson. He brushed my cheek gently with his hand, and sighed.

He backed slowly into the screenhouse with the lovliest, stupidest expression on his face. The next thing I heard was a strange cacaphony of motors revving up, then softly dying away. The blue box had disappeared.

Life has since gone back to its normal hectic pace, and lord knows I've been keeping pretty busy---but somehow it seems a little dull.

However, did I mention that M.H. is just a bit absent-minded? He left the satchel in the doorway---and I found a strange-shaped key lying on its Astroturf lining.

I'll be waiting for you---*Doctor*!

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The Red Planet

by Debbie Barnum

[Last month: Bringing the unconscious Princess Cerise with them, the Doctor, Peri, and Shad escape from the "Shining Ones" into the underground city. They walk along the main corridor, encountering n one, until they come upon a conference room. As Peri hangs back to remove a pebble from her shoe, the Doctor demands entrance, resulting in his and Shad's capture. Peri, meanwhile, looks on helplessly.]

Part Four

"See here! You've no right to do this to me! I'm a Gallifreyan citizen..." The Doctor's protests died abruptly as the doors slammed behind him. He stood with his Alandrian companion in a large room, draped on all sides with garnet colored tapestries and banners. Six men and four women sat around a long table in the center. Shad started to say something, but the Doctor motioned to her to be silent.

The man at the head of the table suddenly stood up. Broad-shouldered, with fiery red hair, he towered a foot and a half over the Time Lord. "Your name?" he boomed.

The Time Lord cleared his throat. "I am known as the Doctor," he said, "and this is Liposhadenari, and...oh...well, we seem to have lost someone. We're travelers." Suddenly, Cerise groaned. The Doctor turned to her and tried to help her up. Armed guards seized him.

The tall man growled in a low voice: "Do you know the punishment for touching the king's daughter? *My* daughter? Do you? It is death by slow torture!" The Doctor gulped. "I am Audell, ruler of the Red Planet! You shall be taken out and executed immediately!" He signalled to the guards.

Instantly they grabbed the Doctor and Shad and started to drag them towards a side door. Just then, Cerise managed to pull herself to a sitting position, and whispered "Father, these three saved my life. They know nothing of our customs. You must forgive them. Please let no harm come to them."

Audell stared at her. "Because you ask, daughter, I will give pardon," he said, calming down slightly, and motioning to the guards to let the prisoners go, "but I cannot forgive three when I see only two."

Shad, pulling at the Doctor's sleeve, cried out "Peri! She's still out there, Doctor!"

The Doctor was massaging his neck, sore from where the guards had been choking him. "I'll get her," he said. Turning to Audell, he said "Our other companion was separated from us," adding, sotto voce, "as usual." He continued in a normal voice, "I'll just go search for her. Be right back" He strode briskly to the doors, past the astonished guards, and went out into the corridor. "Now where is that dratted girl? Peri? Peri!" he called out. But the young American was nowhere to be seen.

After the guards had taken the Doctor and Shad into the room and the doors had closed behind them, Peri sat biting her lip and wondering what to do now. Then, a faint light caught her eye and she got up to investigate. As she pursued it down a side corridor, it grew brighter and brighter, until, all of a sudden, there it was just around a corner! Drawing herself up short, Peri took a deep breath and poked her head around the edge for her first glimpse of a "Shining One."

She nearly gasped with surprise. What she saw almost made her laugh, although the creature was at the same time more horrible than the Daleks or Cybermen had seemed. Burbling to itself, it disgusted her far more than even the Androgums and Sil combined. It was grotesque, a nightmare from a 1950s horror movie: a huge, luminescent, *greenish-yellow blob*!

to be continued...

New in the TARDIS Library

The Two Doctors, by Robert Holmes

It is rare to read a book in this series which was actually written by the original author of the screenplay (although this is happening more and more these days). However, they are usually the best books in the series. "The Two Doctors" is no exception.

All the characters are here: Oscar, Anita, Chessene, fleshed out a bit and, in the case of Oscar and Shockeye, given a few more character quirks than in the original show.

The novel is true to the original script, with Doctor Six rescuing first Jamie and then his alter ego, Doctor Two, from the evil clutches of a mad computer and the Sontarans (always a favorite of mine). There is also an interesting new alien species, the Androgums, and a setting never used in the show before, Spain.

The story moves along briskly, with wonderful insights into the characters' motivations. Even Peri comes across as having a bit more intelligence than usual. She creates a useful diversion for the Doctor and Jamie and shows great compassion for Oscar.

However, Holmes does get just a bit too graphic when describing deaths and also Chessene's fall from godlike grace in Dastari's eyes. Otherwise, this is a book well worth the wait and the read.

--Cathy Boudreau

The Twin Dilemma, by Eric Saward

This is only Eric Saward's second novelization of a Doctor Who script, and the first done from someone else's teleplay. The temptation to play around with the Anthony Steven's pitifully weak script must have been too much for Saward, who has produced what I believe is often termed a "rollicking good read." Unfortunately, it doesn't bear much resemblance to Doctor Who. The Time Lords hiring squads of hit-men? Page after page on alcohol, child and parent abuse, mathematics, and spitting flies? The Doctor not appearing until page 19? Peri's "yuk!" omitted? What's going on here? It's as if it were novelized by Douglas Adams. Badly.

In fact, there wasn't much that could have been done to the story to make it any better (or, to be fair, much worse). The show was badly acted, terribly directed, its characters were completely unsympathetic, it used the tired old device of yet *another* Renegade Time Lord, and it had one of the stupidest-looking monsters yet. Obviously the weakest regeneration story yet, "The Twin Dilemma" at least had the virtue of introducing Colin Baker as the Doctor. But even the Doctor is blandly rendered in this mess. Saward was carried away with his embroidery on the original paltry story, but too much of his additional material is so absurd as to be almost grotesque. You end up not giving a damn for what happens to the Jocondans.

This book will contribute to the current raging debate over the proper function of the book: is it to archive the story or to be an entertainment in its own right even for those who haven't seen the original show? This book will please neither camp. It's great for a novelizer to add depth, background, explanations, etc. to the story. It's fine for him to change certain emphases. But what he adds shouldn't get in the way of the story. Saward's digressions are so frequent, so long, and so ridiculous, that they neither help carry on the plot nor add much to one's enjoyment. Sort of the worst of both worlds.

---Tom Beck

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Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

About your lead story last month: Bonnie Langford was not chosen just to bring her to cabarets, but to bring a family image back to the show. Everyone in England knows her from being in Peter Pan. She will have more clothing than Peri did. She will be on Doctor Who before the Doctor goes to Gallifrey.

Till next Time and Space,
Nancy Damrow

P.S. Next time I suggest you check your information.

[Editor's note: we do check our information. At the time we went to press last month, all we had was the name of the actress who was to play the new Companion. We got the rest of the story only in the middle of February. As to the rumor that Bonnie Langford was chosen to bring her to American cabarets, we did not report that as the truth, only that many British fans felt that was why she had been chosen. It is in fact true that she is primarily known as a singer and dancer, not as a dramatic actress. It is also true that this does not mean she won't be an excellent Companion.]

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The Red Planet

by Debbie Barnum

[In part four: The Doctor and Shad are captured by natives. Even as Princess Cerise explains their presence to her father, King Audell, Peri wanders off and gets her first real look at a "Shining One."]

Part Five

The Doctor had given up his search for Peri and returned to face Audell. "All right," he said inquisitorially but amiably, "these 'Shining Ones' came to your planet fourteen years ago, and just started drilling?"

"There was a period, in the beginning," said Coquelicot, one of the warriors, "when they tried to make slaves of our race. But we fought too well. In the end they destroyed our cities and farms and forced us underground while they brought in slaves from another planet."

"Did their mining produce any strange effects?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes," Audell said after a brief pause, "our planet is becoming more and more magnetic with each passing year. Also, it's...losing its red color. What does this all mean, Doctor?"

Shad cut through the blanket of silence by asking "Yes, Doctor, and what is it they want?"

The Doctor rubbed the back of his head. "If my guess is correct, then there's only one mineral whose removal could cause these things. Tricylicocate!"

"Trisilly what?" asked Shad, perplexed.

"Call it Tri-C for short. That must be what they're after. It has an anti-magnetic effect in large quantities. It's also a deep orangey-red in its unrefined state. We've got to stop them! Audell," he said, turning to the king, "I'll need a guide to the Shining Ones' camp."

Take Coquelicot," the King replied. "He has spied out their lair many times and knows the land between here and there well."

"Excellent. We'll leave at once. Goodbye, Audell, Cerise. Come along, Shad."

Peri stumbled into yet another endless corridor. She berated herself for wandering away from the conference room doors. She'd managed to slip away from the 'Shining One,' but with her luck, she might never see the Doctor and Shad again. How would she ever find them in this maze? Oh well, if there was anything she had learned from traveling with the Time Lord, it was persistence. She took a deep breath, plunged around the next corner, and ran straight into the Doctor!

"Ah, there you are," he said conversationally. "Well, don't just stand there gaping. Move! You're holding us up. We've got a lot to do and a long way to go." And he strode off leaving her behind in shock.

A few months ago, Peri might have fussed, fumed, and protested. But today, she decided it just wasn't worth it.

"Bloody wretched hills," Peri moaned in her best attempt at a British accent, as she trudged over the sand dunes in the Doctor and Shad's wake. "I wish I hadn't worn these sandals."

The Doctor winced at her vowels. "Tsk, tsk, Peri. Where's your sense of adventure?"

"On the bottom of my feet at the moment. Doctor, we've been marching for hours! Are you sure you know where we're going? All these dunes look the same to me!" Just then she slipped. "Ooh! That smarts! Doctor! I've got to sit down for a minute and catch my breath! Okay?"

"Fine. We're heading over that rise." He led the others in the direction he'd indicated.

A few minutes later, her feet a little less sore, Peri took off after them. She quickly reached the summit of the next dune, and there stopped in mid-track. The Doctor, Shad, and Coquelicot were surrounded by five of the huge glowing blobs the Peri had seen before. They were being herded away. "Here we go again," she muttered, and carefully followed her companions.

to be continued...

|_| If this box is checked, you must renew your dues by the end of this month!

THE PRYDONIAN RENEGADE is published monthly by The Prydonians of Prynceton Doctor Who Fan Club of Gallifrey East, 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540, phone 609-921-8148. Membership is $6.00 per year per household. Prospective members are entitled to one free issue. Prydonian Assemblies are held on the first Saturday of each month. The club runs a computer bulletin board on The TARDIS BBS, 609-448-1361. The Prydonians of Prynceton are an official Charter Chapter of the Doctor Who Fan Club of America (DWFCA), and a member of the North East Matrix and the APC Net. **Smile**---the Black Guardian *loves* you!.